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THE LIFE

OF

Marcus Whitman, M. D.

BY

Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

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MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D.

THE

PATHFINDER OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

AND

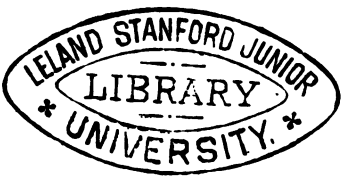
Martyred Missionary of Oregon.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, WORK, MASSACRE, AND MONUMENT.

By Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

"The work he did we ought to admire,
And were unjust if we should more require."

SPOKANE:
UNION PRINTING COMPANY.
1892.



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PREFACE.

THIS unpretentious pamphlet on a great subject, is a lecture I have delivered many times in the State of Washington when presenting the claims of Whitman College. This will account for the colloquial style and lack of rhetorical finish. The effort has been to present the salient points as brief and comprehensive as possible. In the preparation of it I have become intensely interested in the romantic history of the Pacific Northwest, and have been especially impressed with the important part which the early missionaries played in the wonderful drama.

I am thoroughly convinced that the subject deserves careful and elaborate treatment by a competent mind, and it will doubtless have it, God willing. by Rev. Dr. Myron Eells.

The Rev. J. E. Roy, D. D. of Chicago, and others, have suggested that such a pamphlet as this, widely distributed, would aid in promoting the interests of Whitman College and if that end is accomplished the author will be abundantly rewarded. Among many works consulted, special acknowledgment of indebtedness is due the following: Bancroft's "History of Northwest Coast," "Oregon" and "Washington," Gray's "History of Oregon," Barrow's "Oregon, The Struggle for Possession," Gilbert's "History of Walla Walla County," and "Life of Marcus Whitman," in "The Pacific," by Rev. Myron Eells, D. D.

J. E.

MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D.

The Pathfinder of the Pacific Northwest,

AND

Martyred Missionary of Oregon.

CHAPTER I.

PIONEER MISSIONARIES.

The history of the pioneer missionaries of the Pacific-Northwest is a romance. By their exertions and sacrifices they have accomplished a work that entitles them the honor and admiration of successive generations. They were the founders of a new empire and the ushers of civilization to the land of the setting sun. Bancroft says in his history of Oregon: "It is in the missionary, rather than in the commercial or agricultural elements, that I find that romance which underlies all human endeavor before it becomes of sufficient interest for permanent preservation in the memory of mankind. I believe the time will come, if it be not already, when to the descendants of these hardy empire-builders this enrollment will be recognized as equivalent to a patent of nobility." Few men have in equal measure exhibited the heroic and self-denying spirit of the Apostles as these pioneer missionaries did. Seldom have been given to men such an opportunity to exert a far-reaching and enduring influence upon future generations. It was their privilege to lay deep, strong and broad foundations, upon which their successors have, and will, erect grand and permanent superstructures. Though dead they yet speak, and we enter into their labors. A sense of our obligation to them should incite us to honor their memories and perpetuate their names.

CHAPTER II.

SEEKING FOR THE LIGHT.

THE LONG JOURNEY OF THE FLAT-HEAD INDIANS FROM NORTHERN IDAHO TO SAINT LOUIS.

The superficial knowledge of God which the Indians of the Pacific-Northwest obtained through the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition, some of the employees of the Hudson Bay company,—who built a trading post west of the Rocky Mountains in 1811,—and perhaps, what was communicated from tribe to tribe from the Roman Catholic Jesuits in Lower California, created within them a desire for more. It finally developed into an intense passion for more light regarding the white man's God and Bible. It became the all-absorbing subject for meditation and conversation. It was frequently discussed around the camp fire and in the wigwam. Yea, doubtless many prayers ascended to God for this true light from Heaven.

At last it was decided to make a desperate effort to obtain the much desired light. In 1832, five of the Flat-head or Nez Perces Indians made a journey from Northern Idaho to St. Louis, seeking the knowledge for which they so earnestly yearned. They were feeling after the true God if haply they might find Him. Two thousand miles they traveled, climbing precipitous rocks and over high and rugged mountains. They pressed their way through almost impenetrable forests, crossing wide prairies and dismal valleys, and fording rushing streams and deep rivers, all in order to find out more regarding the book that told all about the Great Spirit, the hunting ground of the blessed and the trail thereto. Who can conceive the hardships they endured ere they reached their journey's end? It is not

known how long it took them to make the journey. But they reached St. Louis, and for a time they moved around silently in mocassin and blanket, attracting but little attention among the few thousand inhabitants. Among them were two old chiefs noted for wisdom and prudence. The other three were young braves selected because of their endurance and daring in any perils. It was not easy for them to make known their errand. They found many things to interest them, but not that one thing which they felt they needed more than all else. They were kindly treated, entertained, blanketed and ornamented. They were lead to the cathedral and shown the altar and the pictures of saints.

But withal there was a vacuum within. They were not satisfied. Why? Because they had faced the perils and endured the hardships of a long journey, in order that they might have better ideas of the Great Spirit of the white man, and the book of the white man which shows the long trail leading to the Eternal Camping Ground. But this they had not found and doubtless thought their journey was in vain. As the three surviving braves were about starting on their return journey, sad at heart and disappointed, the farewell address of one of them delivered in the office of General Clark, is full of genuine pathos and deserves a place among the world's literary classics.

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL SPEECH.

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back with both eyes closed? How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we

leave asleep by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their mocassins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the book was not there; you showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people of the dark land.

You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the book was not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

HEE-OH-KS-TE-KIN.—THE RABBIT'S SKIN LEGGINS.
(DRAWN BY GEORGE CATLIN.)
The only one of the five Nez Perce Chiefs (some say there were only four) who visited Saint Louis in 1832, that lived to return to his people to tell the story.

HCO-A-HCO-A-HCOTES-MIN.—NO HORNS ON HIS HEAD.
This one died on his return journey near the mouth of Yellowstone River.

This is what Catlin says himself. "These two men when I painted them, were in beautiful Sioux dresses, which had been presented to them in a talk with the Sioux, who treated them very kindly, while passing through the Sioux country. These two men were part of a delegation that came across the Rocky mountains to St. Louis, a few years since, to inquire for the truth of a representation which they said some white man had made among them, "that our religion was better than theirs, and that they would be all lost if they did not embrace it." Two old and venerable men of this party died in St. Louis, and I traveled two thousand miles, companions with these two fellows, toward their own country, and became much pleased with their manners and dispositions. When I first heard the report of the object of this extraordinary mission across the mountains, I could scarcely believe it; but, on conversing with General Clark, on a future occasion, I was fully convinced of the fact."

See Catlin's Eight Years, and Smithsonian Report for 1885, 2nd part.

CHAPTER III.

THE JOURNEY NOT IN VAIN.

THE REFRAIN—"THE BOOK WAS NOT THERE" RESPONDED TO.

It seems providential that the true object of the long journey of the brave Indians was communicated to the world. In the office of General Clark there was a religiously disposed young man. He heard the farewell address of the Indian and was deeply impressed by it. In his correspondence to eastern friends he made it known. When first made public it was denied, which lead some one to inquire of General Clark as to the object of the Indians in making the long journey to St. Louis, and he declared that it was to obtain more knowledge pertaining the white man's God and Bible. Truly the Indians returned to their country disappointed. Their journey was apparently a failure, but not really so. The mournful refrain "The Book was not there," had a sympathetic hearer not on earth alone but also in Heaven. No one can seek after God in vain. God responds to the prayers of the human soul. He will meet man's highest aspirations. The deepest desires will be satisfied. The speech made by the Indians in General Clark's office was made a divine pivot on which turned the destiny of thousands of Indians, and resulted in one of the most romantic chapters in American history. The failure of the Nez Perces or Flat-head Indians to find the Book reached the ears of the officers of two foreign Missionary Boards and touched their hearts. They said, "The Book they will get if possible." They were the officers of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The former mission board sent out the first missionaries, Revs. Jason Lee

and Daniel Lee, who did excellent work, for which they deserve to be everlastingly remembered. Among the first to respond to the call of the latter mission board was Marcus Whitman, M. D. a brief sketch of whose life, character, death and consequences we here present.

CHAPTER IV.

MARCUS WHITMAN'S EARLY LIFE.

EARLY TRAINING. RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS. CONVERSION. EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES.

He was born at Rushville, Yates Co., N. Y., September 4th, 1802, and descended from a New England stock characterized by a proportionate blending of the intellectual and moral, and remarkable for longevity. As with many others who have been prominent in history, and who have blessed mankind by their noble deeds and self-denying lives, he seemed to have been providentially saved from the mouth of death while an infant in the cradle. The mother during a lonely hour, went to spend a little time with her husband who worked in his shop across the road. On returning to the humble log cabin, she was startled to find that a stick had rolled from the fireplace and had come in contact with the cradle which was on fire, and baby Marcus was almost suffocated. But he was saved, for their was a great work for him to do. There were many things in his early life that tended especially to prepare him for his great life work.

He was reared amid the environments of a pioneer home, and was made familiar with the privations incident to such life, which,—other things being equal,—tend generally to promote true manliness. His father dying when he was but eight years old, necessitated on his part the early exertion of physical and intellectual powers, resulting in a well developed body, and a wholesome degree of self-reliance, independence, determination and purpose in life. In childhood he was strongly impressed with religious truths and loved to read the Bible.

He also gave evidence of a passion for adventure and exploration, as well as an inclination towards the work of the

Gospel Ministry. His religious training was attended to with scrupulous care, both by his parents at home, and his grandfather Deacon Samuel Whitman, of Plainville, Mass., with whom he spent some years after the decease of his father. He was converted during a revival season when seventeen years of age, but for reasons unknown to us, he did not make a public profession of his faith until five years later. He first united with the Congregational Church in his native place, but subsequently became a member and a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church at Wheeler, N. Y., from which church he was dismissed when he came to Oregon. After receiving a good common school education he studied latin with Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainville, and Rev. David Page, of Rushville. At this time he had in view the work of the Gospel Ministry, but physical ailment led him to study medicine and in due time he received his diploma. After four years of practice as a physician in Canada, he returned home fully resolved to undertake the necessary preparation for his chosen profession. But God's ways were not his, and again his plans were frustrated by physical pain from which he suffered—more or less—all his lifetime. Soon after this he became part owner with his brother in a saw mill. His varied experiences in early life, eminently fitted him to be the practiccal and progressive missionary and broad-minded patriot by which he immortalized his name.

"God works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

CHAPTER V.

BECOMING A MISSIONARY.

To Rev. Samuel Parker is due the honor of being the first one to offer himself as a missionary to Oregon under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He left New York in 1834, but reached St. Louis too late to go with the American Fur Company. Not being able to go any farther that season, he returned to New York for the purpose of creating an interest in Indian Missions, and inducing others to join him, and thus he became instrumental in leading Dr. Marcus Whitman to become a missionary to Oregon. This was in the winter of 1834–5. Both of them started in the summer of '35, but after reaching the Green river and seeing some of the Indians for whom they intended to devote their lives, Dr. Whitman was so impressed with the magnitude of the work before them, that he felt it his duty to return and make a mighty effort to bring others with him. Two Nez Perces Indians accompanied him, and on a Sunday morning he lead them in their native garb into the church in his home in New York. These are little things and apparently accidental, but how infinitely important considered in their far-reaching influence. Parker returning to New York from St. Louis and finding Marcus Whitman; the latter returning from Green river and finding one of the grandest women for a wife. For soon after this we find him united in the bonds of matrimony with Miss Narcissa Prentis of Prattsburgh, N. Y., daughter of Judge Stephen Prentis. She is described as a handsome and accomplished young lady, refined and commanding in appearance, hair and complexion light, amiable and cheerful in disposition, a beautiful singer, and in all respects fitted to fill a

large place. In early life like Mary she had chosen the good part which cannot be taken away, and had been an active and devoted servant in the vineyard of the Lord.

By such a life she had developed into a strong christian character. She was permeated and illuminated by the spirit which makes true heroes and heroines. She could truly say: "Here, Lord take me;" and thus was ready to go wherever He would lead her. Such was the woman that offered herself as a missionary to the Indians of the Pacific Northwest. Dr. Whitman is described as somewhat above medium in height, closely built, broad shoulders, iron gray hair, deep blue eyes, large mouth, with perceptive organs well developed. Not disposed to be fastidious, but rather indifferent to outward appearance; business-like in manner and methods. Ready to make and express his opinion ; always energetic, progressive and devoted to his work irrespective of consequences. Naturally a leader of men, he possessed the combined qualifications of a general, statesman and missionary.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LONG JOURNEY.

MISSIONARY HEROINES.

HEROES INDEED ARE THOSE THAT DO WORK THAT IS EARNEST, BRAVE AND TRUE.

In the spring of 1836, we find Marcus Whitman, M. D. and wife, Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, and Mr. W. H. Gray ready to start on their long journey to the far-away Oregon. It was a scene that would have delighted the hearts of angelic beings. Five brave hearts with the power of the Holy Spirit upon them, undertaking a task that seemed to need superhuman courage. In the name of the Most High God, and relying upon His grace, they are determined to face obstacles and perils indescribable, and enter upon a great and glorious mission, nothing less than the civilizing and christianizing of the wild savages of the far west. For though three had preceded them as missionaries, yet they were the ones that introduced Christian civilization among the natives of the Pacific North-west. They were the primary agencies in destroying the monstrous monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, which for a century and a half utilized the northern portion of this continent for fur and peltry. They were the John the Baptist preparing the way for the coming multitudes, and the heralds of the great coming immigration of family life. The Missouri border population, always restless, had been trying to push toward the Pacific coast. But the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company succeeded in keeping them away from their vast dominion. All that tried to cross the Rocky mountains had been discouraged by representations of hardships and dangers to be encountered, resulting in scattering them in the mountains or turning them in the direction of California. We find the mem-

bers of the little missionary band on their way. They move from city to city about as rapidly as possible in those days. At St. Louis they find the American Fur Company preparing for its annual expedition to the mountains. They did not become under the protection of said company until they reached Council Bluffs. Here they joined the great caravan with about two hundred persons in all and six hundred animals. They had been repeatedly warned on the way of the presumption of attempting to take their wives across the plains and over the mountains. The officials of the American Fur Company remonstrated against assuming the responsibility of protecting them, and only yielded because of the service rendered them by Dr. Whitman during their trip the previous season.

On they went, day by day. The monotony of the journey being broken by interruptions of various kinds and scenes of perpetual variations. Who can conceive of the obstacles they had to encounter as they moved along the vast prairies where the antelopes and buffalos roved, through dense forests, across swamps and wide and deep rivers overflowing their banks. But the courage of the women never failed them. Mr. Spalding on account of frequent misfortunes and the feebleness of his wife, was sometimes ready to give up in despair, but Mrs. Spalding would invariably express a determination to press on towards their destination or die in the attempt. She gave evidence of phenomenal endurance. Being feeble when they started she suffered much on the way. At one time she failed to keep up with the company, and it was thought that she could not live, but she rallied again and was spared to do a great work among the indians, especially in translating portions of the Scriptures and some hymns into the Nez Perce language. The mountain men acted especially gallant toward these women.

The true nobility of the women seemed to impress them. They felt honored in having them in the country. After the

party had reached the rendezvous of the American Fur Company on Green River, one of the mountain men is reported to have said, pointing to the women: "There is something the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company can not expel from the country." How true those words proved to be, for the advent of these women was the beginning of a new era in the history of the Pacific North-west. In this company we truly find the elements or germs of Christian civilization. Something that can not be expelled or suppressed. With them we find a quart of wheat, the Bible, and two wives. This meant the tilling of the soil, cultivated farms, harvest fields, flour mills, pure morality, light of the Gospel, family life, the christian home and nurture. On June 6th they reached Laramie. A month later they enter the famous South Pass where the waters of the continent divide. Soon they were on the height of the Rocky mountain.

A SUBLIME SCENE.

There is a scene connected with their journey which demands extraordinary attention in view of its great significance. It is one that arouses all that is good within us, and has been pronounced as hardly paralleled in American records for historic grandeur and far-reaching consequences. It is sublimely beautiful and inspiring in its effects, and would baffle the genius of a true poet to describe it with adequate fitness. They were yet high on the Rocky mountains with the great expanse of the Pacific slope opening before them like a magnificent panorama. Their hearts were profoundly moved as they witnessed the landscape unfolding its delightful scenes, and as they viewed the vast empire given them to win for King Emanuel.

There we find the little group of five missionaries, and the two Nez Perces boys that Whitman took with him to New York, selecting a spot where the bunch grass grew high and thick. Their hearts go out to God in joyful adoration for his protecting care over them thus far, especially so, because they felt the

greatest difficulties had been overcome, and they had now entered the country for the people of which they had devoted their lives. The sky is bright above them, the sun shines serenely and the atmosphere is light and invigorating. The sun continues his course and illuminates the western horizon like a flame of fire, as if striving to give them a temporary glimpse of the vast domain between them and the Pacific Ocean. They spread their blankets carefully on the grass, and lift the American flag to wave gracefully in the breeze, and with the Bible in the centre they kneel, and with prayer and praise on their lips, they take possession of the western side of the American continent in His name who proclaimed "peace on earth and good will toward men." How strongly it evidences their faith in their mission and the conquering power of the King of Peace. What a soul-inspiring scene. Is it too much to say that it caused a thrill among the angelic hosts above? A scene truly inspiring to contemplate, and worthy a place on the canvas among the masterpieces of the world's great artists. It was an act the far-reaching consequences of which secured to the United States government 300,000 square miles of the Pacific coast.

CHAPTER VII.

TAKING THE FIRST WAGON ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"PATIENT ENDURANCE ATTAINETH TO ALL THINGS."

To attempt to take women across the Rocky mountains was considered perilous and imprudent, but to take a wagon across was pronounced absolutely impossible. But even such a stupendous undertaking, a task inconceivably difficult, was not too much for the indomitable Whitman.

The officers of the Hudson's Bay Company were determined that he should not succeed, or even make the attempt. At Fort Laramie they exhausted their persuasive powers in their endeavor to prevent him from taking the wagon any farther. From their standpoint this was perfectly reasonable. They knew that to demonstrate the possibility of taking a wagon across the Rocky mountains meant the settlement of Oregon, for it was practically making a highway from the Missouri to the Columbia. It suggested the end of the supremacy of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Pacific North-west. But Whitman's wagon did leave Fort Laramie despite all obstacles and oppositions, and was taken across the Rocky mountains. After travelling over mountain fastnesses that seemed impassable, in the way of compromise with those who constantly remonstrated, he converted his wagon into a two-wheeled vehicle, taking the other two wheels with him. In such a cart, amid countless difficulties, did the two missionary heroines reach Fort Boise. The task was done, and the apparently impossible was accomplished. A small band of missionaries had opened a highway to the Pacific coast.

We can hardly conceive the possibility of accomplishing a more difficult task, and one more far-reaching and salutary in its influences. It would be difficult to find another act which has so marked American history. Though the wagon was not taken farther than Fort Boise at this time, it was soon taken to Walla Walla.

Dr. Whitman possessed the indomitable will, immovable determination and irrepressible grit that made no obstacles insurmountable. He could say with Napoleon, and put it to better use: "There shall be no Alps."

"Thou in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument."

Mr. W. H. Gray, a companion of Whitman on the journey, says in his "History of Oregon:"

"Whitman's perseverance demonstrated a great fact the practicability of a wagon road over the Rocky mountains. You that have rolled over that vast plains and slept in your Concord coaches or Pullman palace cars, have never once imagined the toil and labor of that old off-hand pioneer, as he mounted his horse in the morning and rode all day in the cold and heat of the mountains and plains, to prove that a wagon road was practicable to the waters of the Columbia."

He further says:

"From Soda Springs to Fort Hall his labor was immense, yet he overcame every difficulty and brought it safe through. I have thrice travelled the same route, and confess I can not see how he did it, notwithstanding I was with him and know he brought the wagon through."

"Will ever the edict be uttered, O man,
'Thus far and no farther,' reach if you can?
Nay, the broader the grasp of the intellect fine,
The farther recedes the horizon's fine."

CHAPTER VIII.

ESTABLISHING A MISSION.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INDIANS. FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN. PROGRESS. MISSIONARY REENFORCEMENT.

Dr. Whitman and his missionary associates reached Fort Walla Walla, now Wallula Junction, September 2, 1836. They received a cordial welcome from the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company. A mission station was established on the Walla Walla river, six miles west of the present city of Walla Walla, under the charge of Dr. Whitman. It was called Wai-i-lat-pu, the place of rye grass. North of it there is an elevation about 200 feet above the level of the valley. Looking in a south-eastern direction we are impressed with the scenic beauty of the view. The land is almost level for twenty miles, with the silvery affluent of the Walla Walla river winding its way through—fringed on each side with strips of timber. And away in the distance we behold the towering heights of the Blue mountains. The missionaries were received gladly by the Cayuse Indians. These Indians, with the Walla Wallas, who occupied the region, although in some respects superior Indians were exceedingly wild and superstitious. They believed that some of the beasts and reptiles then existing had once been men, and were at that time able to convey their language to the living. Some professed to have received wonderful knowledge through birds as to future honor and wealth. At the same time they were quite susceptible to religious impressions, and seemed to have a real desire to know the better way. There was a great amount of preparatory work necessary. Dr. Whitman and wife, and W. H. Gray, went to work with a will and vigor. They built log and

adobe houses. They built some fences also and prepared generally for the winter, in addition to preaching and teaching. What their hands found to do they did with their might. They were encouraged in their labors. Dr. Whitman writes: "I have abundance of evidence of the restraining power of religious truth upon the minds of the natives, both from their remarks and my own observations." The gospel was proving itself to be the power of God to those that believed. A father said to an Indian boy who lay dying: "You are dying, do you know it? He replied, I am not dying, I shall always live." The father inquired, "Do you think, and what do you think about?" The reply was, "I think about Heaven. I love God more than any one else."

March 4th, 1837, a daughter—Alice Clarissa—was born to Dr. Whitman and his wife, the first white child born in the Pacific Northwest. When a little over two years old she was drowned in the Walla Walla river. In the fall of 1838, they received missionary reenforcements in the persons of Revs. Cushing Eells and Elkanah Walker and their wives. The first printing press came from the Sandwich Islands in 1839, the first to come to this coast, and completing the civilizing agencies. The first to operate on the printing press was Rev. H. H. Spalding who had established a mission among the Nez Perces, and the first book was printed in the language of that tribe.

It is surprising to think of the amount of work done the first three or four years. In the book entitled "Travels across the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains," by Thos. J. Furnham, we have a description of things as he found them at the Whitman Mission, the latter part of September, 1839. He found about 250 acres enclosed, 200 of which was under good cultivation. The products were wheat, Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, Irish potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, turnips, rutabagas, water, musk and nutmeg melons, squashes, asparagus,

tomatoes, cucumbers, peas, etc. The quality was good and the crop abundant. He found two buildings and one in course of construction, and a small grist-mill. He says: "It appeared to me quite remarkable that the Doctor could have made so many improvements since the year 1836; but the industry which crowded every hour of the day, his untiring energy of character and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labors of the school, are perhaps circumstances which render possibility probable, that in three years one man, without funds for such purposes, without other aid for that business than that of a fellow-missionary for short intervals, should fence, plow, build, plant an orchard, and do all the other laborious acts of opening a plantation on the face of that distant wilderness, learn an Indian language, and do the duties, meanwhile, of a physician to the associate stations on the Clearwater and Spokane." He found forty or fifty Indian children between the ages of seven and eighteen in the school and pronounces Mrs. Whitman an indefatigable instructor. In 1842, the Indians were cultivating from one-fourth to four acres of land, and had seventy head of cattle and some a few sheep. At the same time the missionaries had many difficulties to contend with. They were dealing with shrewd and savage Indians disposed to wander, seldom remaining more than three months in the same place. The best disposed were becoming tired of steady work, losing their enthusiasm for improvement, leaving the school at times very small. The Jesuit missionaries came into the country and divided the religiously disposed Indians, and the mill was burned. And saddest of all there was some discord existing among the Prostestant missionaries themselves. At the same time, amid all difficulties and discouragements, the work was prosecuted with all possible vigor.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BROAD-MINDED AND PATRIOTIC SPIRIT OF DR. WHITMAN.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

THE U. S. STATESMEN'S ESTIMATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Dr. Whitman was a large hearted, broad-minded, progressive and practical man. The world in which he lived was not narrow, but one, the horizon of which was ever expanding. His conception of his mission, was, what some might consider extraordinary, for it comprehended all that pertained to man's welfare. He was a man that grasped the situation in all its bearings, and a man of prophetic vision. While dilligently engaged in missionary work as a preacher, teacher and physician, he at the same time studied the soil of the country, its nature, the best methods to make it produce, its geography, relation to other countries, and its resources, and seemed to fully appreciate its wonderful possibilities. These things greatly impressed him. They presented to him an opportunity that implied a great responsibility. With his extraordinary far-sightedness he could not be indifferent to these things. The thought urged itself on him:—Here is a grand, fertile and rich country to be possessed by some people,—by whom?

His attachment and loyalty to his country was second only to his love and devotion to his Master, Jesus Christ. He felt that to have such a vast country of such diverse resources, capable of sustaining a great population, to be a part of the best government under the heavens was worthy of prayerful consideration, in view of its bearing upon the progress of Christ's Kingdom on the earth. He could not feel that it was his mission

to labor for a few, as much as to set himself to the task of saving the whole country for Christ. Men of narrow capacities are prone to live in and for the present, or the immediate future, while those of larger capacities in their plans and undertakings comprehend the remote future. They have a faith that enables them to sow seeds the fruits of which they do not expect to reap. There were several things that impressed Dr. Whitman as demanding attention in the interest of Christ's Kingdom.

I. *The monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the purpose of the officials to keep out American settlers from Oregon.* They used every means to prevent American immigrants on their way to Oregon from reaching their destination, and to turn them in the direction of California. They exaggerated the difficulties and dangers of the trip. They made all but Dr. Whitman believe that to take a wagon across to the Columbia was an impossibility. They represented that no company had crossed the Snake and Columbia rivers without the loss of lives. Sure death at the hands of savage Indians or from famine was predicted. Articles in magazines and papers, and books of travels represented the country as impassable. This company by various means had succeeded in making the American people generally to believe that Oregon was useless save as a hunting ground. Every effort was made to secure the country to the British government. Plans were in operation to bring into the country a large immigration from the British provinces. Dr. Whitman was more favorably located than any of his missionary associates to understand the plans of the company, and he fully appreciated the situation.

II. *He was impressed that it was especially important that the officials at Washington, D. C. should be informed as to the value of the country.*

III. *He was convinced that nothing could frustrate the plans of the Hudson's Bay Company, and secure the country to the United States but a large immigration of American settlers.*

To read the speeches of American statesmen at Washington, D. C. containing their opinions of Oregon and the whole Pacific coast, is to-day a source of amusement. One said that he would not give a pinch of snuff for the Territory of Oregon and thanked God for placing the Rocky Mountains between the rest of the United States and it. It was compared with the Desert of Sahara, and of all countries on the face of the earth the least favored by heaven, the mere riddlings of creation. The distance and character of the intervening country was declared an obstacle that could never be overcome. A railroad to the Columbia could never be thought of. The mines of Mexico and Peru disemboweled were pronounced to be scarcely able to pay a penny in a pound of the cost. The extravagence of the suggestion was declared as surpassing all modern vissionary scheming. Dr. Whitman felt that the deluded statesmen should find out the truth. He had been impressed for some time that he should go to Washington for the purpose of imparting to them accurate information regarding Oregon, and also, do all he could to induce a large American immigration to follow him to the country and thus save Oregon to the United States.

CHAPTER X.

THE DARING AND PERILOUS JOURNEY.

THE PRIMARY OBJECT.

A scene witnessed at Fort Walla Walla while visiting a patient thoroughly aroused Dr. Whitman. The officials of the Hudson's Bay Company were rejoicing in view of the news which had just been received of the arrival at Fort Colville, 300 miles up the Columbia river of a colony from British Columbia. An enthusiastic young priest shouted "Hurrah for Oregon," "America is too late." "We have got the country." Dr. Whitman's patriotic spirit was thoroughly stirred. It had become perfectly clear to him what his duty was. He returned home fully determined to attempt the trip to Washington. A conference of the missionaries was called. When they came together he submitted to them his plans, stating clearly that his primary object was to save Oregon to the United States. They could not appreciate the situation and the national exigency as he did. They intimated that he was hardly justified in taking such a journey for such a purpose while employed by a missionary society, and his emphatic reply was: "I am not expatriated by becoming a missionary." So relates Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D. the only surviving member of the conference. Seeing his mind so unalterably fixed they unanimously approved of his going. The weeping wife as heroic as he, was willing to sacrifice her husband—if necessary—for the good of her country. He was soon on the saddle and ready for the perilous journey. It was October 3d, 1842, and A. L. Lovejoy, a young man who but recently had arrived at the mission,—and an Indian guide—were his only companions. Committing themselves and being committed to

the Divine care they started. The summits of the Blue Mountains in the distance were already sprinkled with snow indicating that the winter's cold blasts were approaching. They moved rapidly across the beautiful Walla Walla valley. After about two hours' ride they were watched climbing the sloping and fertile fields rising toward the Blue Mountains, and were soon lost in the distance. On they pushed their way from hill to hill with naught to guide them but the Indian's trail. They pitched their tent by night beside some flowing stream or gurgling spring, and ere they laid their heads to rest on soddy pillow, devoutly did they commit themselves to the tender care of Him who watches over all his own. They pressed their way through narrow gorges where no sound was heard but the echo of their own march. They hurried on through storms and mountain barriers so that in eleven days they had left behind them 340 miles, and were at Fort Hall. From thence they took a southerly direction hoping thereby to escape the deep snow. Nevertheless, the weather soon became very severe. But on they moved across wide and dismal deserts which threatened death at every step, through forest fastnesses the home of wild and ferocious beasts, over craggy heights where one misstep would surely result in death. On they went, though the storm turned the day to premature night and compelled them to seek shelter in dark ravines. On through streams and rivers whose boiling torrents warned them back. On, though innumerable difficulties had to be encountered. On, though guide after guide failed them. On, though feet and hands were frozen. There is no alternative, —press on they must or die. At one time on account of storm and snow they had to depend entirely on the instinct of the animal.

"On, On, and on, the dumb beast pressed,
Uncertain and without a guide,
And found the mountain's curves of rest,
And sheltered ways of the divide,
His feet grew firm, he found the way,
With storm-beat limbs and frozen breath,
As keen his instinct to obey
As was his master's eye of faith.

Through sunless days and starless nights,
Towards Toas and far Santa Fee,
O'er table lands of sleet and hail,
Through pine-roofed gorges, canyons cold,
Now fording stream incased in mail
Of ice, like Alpine knights of old,
Still on, and on, forgetful on,
'Til far behind lay Walla Walla,
And far the fields of Oregon."

Bent's Fork was reached January 3d, and there Lovejoy remained to join the doctor on his return journey. Dr. Whitman reached St. Louis in due time in his fur garments and buckskin breeches, and bearing many marks of the severity of the weather which he had endured. In haste the saddle was exchanged for stage and he was soon moving for Washington, reaching there March 3d, 1843. By newspaper articles and a circular he did all he could to create an interest in Oregon and to induce emigration thereto, offering himself as a guide on his return journey.

CHAPTER XI.

WHITMAN'S OBJECT IN GOING TO WASHINGTON.

This seems to be the place to present concisely the evidences regarding his primary object in making the trip east, and to show that he did reach Washington and had a hearing. We have the testimony of eleven of his contemporaries who were intimately acquainted with him. His missionary associates ought to be considered reliable witnesses. They certainly knew his purpose in making the journey and their veracity should be deemed unquestionable. These missionaries were the late H. H. Spalding, Elkanah Walker, Hon. W. H. Gray and Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D. who is still living. Their unanimous testimony is that he went to Washington to save Oregon to the United States. Their testimony is corroborated by Dr. William Geiger, who had charge of Dr. Whitman's station while he was absent in the east, and also Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, who was Whitman's companion on the journey; by Mr. P. B. Whitman, who accompanied him on his return trip; Hon. Alanson Hinman, who taught school at the doctor's station the winter following his return; Dr. S. J. Parker, Ithaca, N. Y., son of the Rev. S. Parker, the first missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. to Oregon, and the late Rev. Wm. Barrows, D. D. who saw Dr. Whitman at St. Louis when on his way to Washington. More satisfactory witnesses, it seems to me could hardly be conceived. "It is only necessary to say it was the work of Whitman in that memorable ride to save Oregon to the Republic. He asked no money from the government. He was not working for wages. He only asked that the government would stand firm and refuse

to give Oregon to England until he had time to lead a caravan of Americans across the mountains."

That he did reach Washington there can be no doubt. We have the testimony of several reliable witnesses on this point. We could mention Dr. Geiger, Mr. P. B. Whitman, A. L. Lovejoy, Judge Otis of Chicago, who met him at Buffalo, New York, and many more. But the evidence is now indisputable. The documents recently discovered in the War Department at Washington settle the question. In them we have irrefutable proof that Dr. Marcus Whitman did go to Washington City in the winters of 42–43, and held a conference with the Secretary of War, and exerted influences which had powerful effect in saving Oregon to the Union. They were written in 1843 after his return to Wailaitpu Station. The letter begins thus:—

"In compliance with the request you did me the honor to make last winter while at Washington." It refers to the immense migration of families to Oregon which had taken place that year, which he had piloted. The route is described in the bill. The bill is thus described: "A bill to promote safe intercourse with the Territory of Oregon, to suppress violent acts of aggression on the part of Indians west of the Indian Territory." The purpose of the bill is to have "established at suitable distances and in convenient and proper places, to be selected by the President, a chain of agricultural posts or farming stations, extending at intervals from the present most usual crossing of the Kansas river to the Willamette Valley, Oregon." The object: "to set examples of civilized industry to the Indian tribes, keep them in proper subjection to the laws of the United States, suppress violent and lawless acts along the said frontier line, facilitate the passage of troops and munitions of war and transportation of mail."

The letter and bill exhibit the statesmanlike character of the author.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORK ACCOMPLISHED.

A LARGE IMMIGRATION TO OREGON LED BY DR. WHITMAN.

Dr. Whitman did what he could while in the east, through the newspapers and a circular, to create an interest in Oregon and to induce a large immigration thereto. His visit to Boston was brief, and he was ready to start on his return journey April 20th, 1843.

We find the emigrant train at Independence, Mo. May 22d, 1843, ready for the untried journey. There are two hundred and ninety-five men over sixteen years old, eight hundred and seventy-five persons in all, with one hundred and eleven wagons, and two thousand horses and cattle. What a tremendous undertaking, attempting to take one hundred and eleven wagons over rough and rugged mountains, a thing declared impossible by those who professed to know the most about them.

The officials of the Hudson's Bay Company spared no pains in showing that there was no secure and expeditious way. The rivers could not be forded on account of the torrents without loss of men.

The missionaries of 1840, who had brought their wagons as far as the mountains, had been persuaded to exchange them for pack animals. So also Dr. White's party of one hundred and thirty-seven persons in 1842. But Dr. Whitman could declare with confidence that wagons could be taken across the mountains, for in 1836, he had taken one to Boise, and Dr. Robt. Newell and others had brought three to Walla Walla in 1840. And so, Mr. Jesse Appleton one of the company bears witness

that "his great experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column." The people were often discouraged and some disposed to murmur, and even Captain Grant the pilot, was at one time ready to give up in despair, but Dr. Whitman's determination and perseverance and constant encouragement enabled them to prevail.

The success of this immigrant train in crossing the Rocky Mountains with their wagons is one of the greatest feats recorded in history. The writer has been told by many who have travelled overland ten, twenty, and thirty years afterwards, that no one can have a conception of the difficulties only those who have experienced them. The testimonies as to the value of Dr. Whitman's services to the immigrants are abundant, and without his council and leadership it is hardly possible that they could have crossed the mountains. Hon. Elwood Evans, says: *"We zealously unite in ascribing to that visit the greatest results in the future of Oregon, the grandest services to that large train, the importance that flowed from his successful leading of that large train through to the Columbia with their wagons. Those results, those conclusions, are glorious to Dr. Whitman's memory."* And Mr. Jesse Appleton says: *"It is no disparagement to others to say that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey as to Dr. Marcus Whitman."*

The Walla Walla Valley was reached the latter part of September, one month before the arrival of the so-called pathfinder, General J. C. Fremont. Thus it can be said that the humble missionary is the TRUE PATHFINDER OF THE PACIFIC NORTH-WEST.

The immigrants led by Dr. Whitman outnumbered all the Hudson's Bay Company employees and the Red river immigrants, and their coming had demonstrated that people could reach the Columbia and bring wagons with them. Thus it has been truly

declared to be the "turning point in the history of Oregon." And we can truly say that to the humble missionary, we are primarily indebted that the stars and stripes float over the country of wonderful and diverse resources, and destined to be populated by millions of people, known as the "Pacific North-west."

The Hon. J. B. Allen, U. S. Senator from Washington, in an address at Whitman College said—"To the missionary preeminently are we indebted to-day, that the stars and stripes float over Washington, and that it is under the allegiance of this Republic and not Great Britain, and while according the full mead of praise to others, and especially to those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for their noble and patriotic services, under the most untoward circumstances, we believe that to Dr. Marcus Whitman, more than to any other single individual, is our debt of gratitude the greatest. Fired with a love for his country only excelled by that to his God; inspired with an enthusiasm for its welfare, only surpassed by that in his missionary labors; intelligently informed of the vast and varied resources, the commercial and climatic advantages, and the natural value of this, to most others of his countrymen, terra incognita; foreseeing with a prophet's vision its mighty future, and fearing that through ignorance, indifference or deception, it was about to be bartered to the English government; without regard to personal comfort or safety, and with winter impending, in 1842, he entered upon the task of crossing the continent, in which he succeeded though encountering obstacles, hardships and dangers in every form; performing a journey 'of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents, of hair-breadth escapes.'"

"But, to inspire the Secretary of State, and the administration with some approximate idea of the value of this region, and persuade them that wagons and women could be transported into it, was a harder and less successful task. He obtained reluctantly however, an opportunity of refuting the impressions

made through British agencies, and the following season, after exhibitions of leadership, perseverance, and skill, worthy of a military commander, verified his representations by conducting through to the Columbia river an emigrant train consisting of eight hundred and seventy-five men, women and children, and about two thousand horses and cattle."

Thus the great work was accomplished, and this grand country secured to the United States, through the instrumentality of a humble missionary. And should we not see to it that his memory is suitably honored?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYRS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

After his return from the east Dr. Whitman and his wife labored among the Indians with characteristic vigor.

But there were several things tending to counteract their influence and to alienate the Indians from them. The Roman Catholic Jesuits established a mission quite near to them, and a half-breed Indian, known as Joe Lewis, endeavored to persuade the Indians that it was the intention of the white people to take their lands. The killing of a young Walla Walla Chief by the Americans in California had helped to create animosity against them.

The officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had wonderful influence over the Indians, were doubtless showing favor to the Jesuits because they were counted as British subjects. Dr. Whitman was not just such a man as they wanted around. The measles also prevailed among the Indians and proved fatal in many cases. All these things tended to make the Indians hostile to Dr. Whitman and his mission. He and his wife had been apprehensive of danger for some time. There are some reasons for believing that the Doctor had seriously thought of abandoning the mission. But like a brave and loyal man he kept to his post hoping and praying for the best.

He could say: We see not, know not; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrents troubled drift,
Above the storm, our prayers we lift.
Thy will be done.

On the 22d day of November, in the year 1847, one of the saddest events in the history of the Pacific Northwest occurred, and is known in history as the

WHITMAN MASSACRE.

Dr. Whitman and his most noble wife, and twelve others that belonged to the mission station in some way, were murdered by the savage Cayuse Indians, and forty-six taken as captives. Having attended the funeral of an Indian in the morning, the Doctor had returned home, and with his wife was attending their three sick adopted children. Early in the afternoon an Indian came in at a side door and inquired for Dr. Whitman. Following this the war chief Ti-lau-kait came in and talked with the Doctor,—who was sitting on a settee,—for the purpose of attracting his attention, while another Indian by the name of Tam-a-has, came in stealthily and taking his tomahawk from under his blanket struck the Doctor a stunning blow on the head. Other blows followed in quick succession, which left him prostrate and unconscious. The fiendish murderer cried, "I have killed my father. Now the signal was given, probably by the demoniacal half-breed Joe Lewis, and the work of death began amid whoops and yells, and was done as savages only can do it. Great excitement followed! When Mrs. Whitman took in the situation she cried, "Oh the Indians! The Indians! That Joe Lewis has done it!" The other women shrieked wildly as they heard the roar of musketry, the noise of furious riding and war clubs, and could see no way of escape. Death stared them in their faces in all its hideousness. Mrs. Whitman was shot in the breast by a young Indian for whom she had done many acts of kindness. She prayed for her adopted children and for her parents. To the women who cried "We are not prepared to die, what shall we do?"—while in the agonies of death—she replied, "Go to Jesus and ask him and he will save you." Her last

words were—as near as can be found—"Jesus, come quickly."

One Indian who was a favorite at the mission, deliberately chopped the face of the Doctor while he was breathing his last. They had now tasted of the blood and their savage natures were thoroughly aroused. They enjoyed doing the work of death.

In their savage rage they broke down windows and doors, and rushed into the house and from room to room, using clubs, tomahawks and knives, right and left—hacking the faces of their victims in a terrible manner. Many bullets pierced the body of Mrs. Whitman and others. The dying were treated with indignity until the shadows of the night drove the cruel Indians to their lodges. The school children also were tormented in various ways. Those killed on this day, in addition to Dr. Whitman and wife, were Messrs. Rogers, Hoffman, Sanders, Gillan, Marsh, John and Francis Sager. Mr. Kimball, who had been wounded, hid himself, but as he was going to quench his thirst the next day he was shot and killed. So also was Mr. Young while returning with his team from the mill to the mission. Helen M. Meek died in a few days from neglect.

Two sick men, Messrs. Saler and Bewley were killed after some Indians had visited the Roman Catholic Bishop at Umatilla, making in all fourteen that were murdered on that memorable day. Some made their escape by great effort and suffering.

Mr. Canfield, though wounded made his way to the brush and hid therein until night, and then fled to Spalding's mission at Lapwai. Mr. Hall also found a hiding place in the brush and reached Fort Walla Walla the next morning. It is said he was refused admission and conveyed across the Columbia river,—never to be heard of afterwards. Mr. Osborne raised a board in the floor at the outset of the massacre and hid himself and family underneath until night. When the Indians had retired they started for Fort Walla Walla. After three nights travel and three days hiding amid suffering,—especially on the part of Mrs.

Osborne, who had been recently confined—they reached the fort and were saved. The rest were held as captives, and three of the young women were dragged by Indian chiefs to a torture worse than death.

This is the unvarnished story of the massacre of the first Christian martyrs of the Pacific Northwest, among them MARCUS AND NARCISSA WHITMAN, two as consecrated missionaries as ever devoted their lives to carry the gospel to heathen nations. Both in the prime of life, he in his 45th year and she in her 39th year. They doubtless died martyrs to Republican and Protestant principles. They died at their post, victims of the savage rage of those whom they desired to save and elevate.

"Greater love hath no man than this that he give his life for his friend." We mourn their early deaths when we think what they could have accomplished, had they been permitted to live to good old age to prosecute and complete their work. In the midst of their usefulness they were cut down, but the work goes on though the workers pass away.

His ways are not our ways, His ways are past finding out. He maketh the wrath of the heathen to glorify him.

They doubtless accomplished more in death than they could by living many years longer, for sacrifice is the primary condition of life. Through their instrumentality influences were put in operation whose potency for good will never cease.

"Their works do follow them."

"All things fulfill their purpose, low or high;
There is no failure death can never mar
The least or greatest of the things that are;
Until our work is done we cannot die."

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE MASSACRE.

A few days subsequent to the awful tragedy according to the testimony of the Jesuit Priests, the bodies of the dead were sewed in sheets and buried a little distance from the scene. But the graves were made so shallow that the bodies were exhumed by the prairie wolves, so that when the volunteers reached the spot the following year they found the bones scattered abroad. They dug a large grave and deposited what remained all together. The officials of the Hudson's Bay Company secured the release of the captives. Five of the murderers were brought to trial in May, 1850 and were hung at Oregon City.

As time advances leaving the tragic scene behind, the work accomplished by Dr. Whitman in life and death, is more and more appreciated and his praises are scattered far and wide.

We regret that his grave is not adorned by an imposing monument and we hope and trust that the day is not far distant when it will be. But his admirers have and do try to erect a monument, to honor his memory and perpetuate his name, more enduring than granite or iron.

"The finest monuments that men erect
Have little value wheresoe'er they rise,
Unless they tell of some good action wrought,
Some noble work that time cannot disguise."

All the early missionaries of the Pacific Northwest accomplished great and permanent work, and their names, with increased honor and glory will be transmitted to posterity, for they were the "Apostles paving the way for American occupancy."

But it is no disparagement to other pioneer missionaries to say that the name of the martyr Whitman must be placed above them all. Though his remains lie in an obscure place, unnoticed by the passer by, with no polished granite or marble to mark the spot, his name will never die.

He will always be remembered for what he has done.

A noble and true man was he, born to make an impression upon his contemporaries and succeeding generations. A true and loyal patriot. A zealous and practical missionary. A magnanimous Christian, energetic, heroic, far-seeing, self-sacrificing, of whom it has been well said: "No danger could daunt or hardship deter from performing what he deemed his duty." His name is embalmed forever in the history of the Northwest. It falls to the lot of but few to win such fame, and few there are who so well deserve it.

Bancroft, the historian, says:—"The missionary, Dr. Whitman, was no ordinary man. I do not know which to admire most in him, his coolness or his courage. His nerves were of steel, his patience was excelled only by his fearlessness; in the mighty calm of his nature he was a Cæsar for Christ.

The solid granite erected to perpetuate the memory of the hero of many battles, will crumble into dust and disappear before the four winds of heaven; the name of the inventor, inscribed upon iron and steel, will be erased by the teeth of time,—but the name of Marcus Whitman, who died a martyr to grand principles, will live forever in the hearts and affections of mankind.

Hezekiah Butterworth, in his work entitled—"The Log School House on the Columbia,"—a tale of the Pioneers of the great Northwest, says:—"whether the mission to the Cayuse and Walla Wallas, which Dr. Whitman established on the bend of the Columbia, was then regarded as a home or foreign field of work, we can not say.

The Doctor's solitary ride of four thousand miles, in order to save the great Northwest territory to the United States, is one of the most poetic and dramatic episodes of American history. It has proved to be worth to our country more than all the money that has been given to missionary enterprises.

Should the Puget Sound cities become the great ports of Asia, and the ships of commerce drift from Seattle and Tacoma over the Japan current to the Flowery Isles and China; should the lumber, coal, minerals, and wheat fields of Washington, Oregon, Montana and Idaho, at last compel these cities to rival New York and Boston, the populous empire will owe to the patriotic missionary zeal of Dr. Whitman a debt which it can only pay in honor and love.

And does not an institution of learning, bearing the name of such a man deserve the patronage and support of all the citizens of this Pacific Empire, yea, all the United States? For all are indebted to him. Should it not enlist the true interest not only of the present, but also of future generations.

CHAPTER XV.

WHITMAN'S MONUMENT. SEMINARY AND COLLEGE.

Immediately following the cruel tragedy, which made a profound impression throughout the Pacific Northwest, the settlers in the Willamette Valley (there were none east of the Cascade mountains) organized into a military force and marched into the Indian country, defeated the Indians in many battles and brought the murderers to trial and execution. All the Protestant missionaries, located in the Northeastern part, were led out of the country under military protection. Among them were Revs. Cushing Eells, D. D. and Elkanah Walker, who had established a mission in 1838, among the Spokane and Colville Indians, about 25 miles northwest of the present city of Spokane. The locality is now called Walker's Prairie. The missionaries went to Forest Grove, Oregon, and there labored in connection with the foundation and early development of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University.

In eleven years, the Walla Walla and the whole upper Columbia country was declared open to settlement. Very soon the Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D. familiarly known all over the country as Father Eells, and respected by all classes for his honesty and sincerity, mounted his horse and proceeded toward the scene of the massacre. In due time he reached the sacred spot. By the side of the "great grave," as he calls it, where lie the mortal remains of his heroic missionary associates and others, he made a solemn vow before God, that he would endeavor to erect an endurable monument to the martyred Whitman.

These are his words:—

"As financial agent for the A. B. C. F. M., I went to Walla Walla to look after their interests. I passed over the ground that had received the blood of martyred missionary co-laborers. I stood beside the great grave that contains a portion of the remains of those massacred. The past, the then present, and the probable future were then thought of. I believe that the power of the highest came upon me. Under the conviction thus produced, I determined then and there, to attempt the erection of a monument to the memory of Dr. Whitman in the form of a school of high christian character.

With apostolic faith, zeal, and perseverance he undertook and continued the great task.

SACRIFICES.

Dr. Eells testifies that the deprivations incident to early missionary work among the Indians of Spokane, though for part of three years the family were prisoned in snow, were more easily borne than those connected with the formative period of Whitman College. He and his son batched in a log shanty with earth for floor and roof. During the most severe winter known in the Walla Walla valley they slept in a freight wagon covered with a thick canvass. Ten years of hard labor were spent in preaching, teaching, and chopping wood by the men, and Mrs. Eells gave ten years of arduous toil after she was fifty-seven years of age, making butter, raising poultry, etc., all to start Whitman Seminary. By such sacrifices four thousand dollars were accumulated to erect the first building.

Truly the institution had its birth in prayer and was baptized with tears. Connected with its history are sacrifices worthy of the early fathers of the Christian Church. A paper read by the late Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, organizer of the Congregational Church of Walla Walla, and the first Principal of the Seminary, at a memorial meeting held June 3d, 1888, contain

REV. CUSHING EELLS, D. D.

The Founder of Whitman Seminary and College.

HE CAME TO OREGON UNDER THE A. B. C. F. M. IN 1838,

THE FIRST MISSIONARY AMONG THE SPOKANE AND COLVILLE INDIANS.

WAS AN ACTIVE MISSIONARY FOR OVER 50 YEARS.

THE OLDEST PROTESTANT MISSIONARY ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS, FERVENT IN SPIRIT, SERVING THE LORD."

such a concise and comprehensive history of the institution in its incipiency and early development, that we have deemed it proper to insert it here complete.

EARLY HISTORY OF WHITMAN SEMINARY.

The history of an institution is often very analogous to the history of a person. It comes into being helplessly, feeble and wholely inexperienced, and consequently needing the vigilant protection and the devoted care of its friends.

In its first spasmodic efforts it but awkwardly creeps, and when first placed upon its feet it can only totter and tumble. But it gradually gains strength by exercise and learns wisdom by repeated falls.

It must also pass through the critical period of youthful impulsiveness and indiscretion, possibly inordinate self-conceit, and only after years of labor and loss and partial success does it arrive at maturity, take on resolute strength and reliable wisdom and stand forth, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," ready to enter the list of life and join the army of the world's workers. Such especially has been the history of Whitman Seminary now grown into Whitman College.

As Minerva the goddess of wisdom is fabled to have sprung from the brain of Jupiter, so this institution sprang from the brain of its founder, though not like Minerva, "full grown and completely armed."

After the sadly tragical death of Dr. Whitman, it was very natural that his associates in toil and danger, should have conceived the idea of erecting some memorial monument to his memory. It was also quite as natural that in deciding upon the character of such a monument, what would be appropriate as a memorial of the man and his mission, the final if not the first decision should be that of an institution for high Christian education.

Such a project took positive practical shape when it was formally chartered by a special act of our Territorial Legislature of 1859.

Of the original Board of Trustees, nine in number, two were residents of this valley, two at or near the Dalles, one at Oregon City—soon afterwards of Portland,—two at Forest Grove and one as far up the Willamette valley as Brownsville, while the general field Marshal (the founder of the institution) was often passing to and fro along the whole extended line.

Surely no infant ever *so* sprawled in his most awkward attempts at creeping.

It is certainly no impeachment of your intelligence or your discernment, to assume that very few of you can conjecture any adequate reasons, for such a state of affairs as a Board of Trustees, whose every official move must be decided and sanctioned in formal meetings, scattered along a line of three or four hundred miles of difficult and expensive travel.

But there were reasons real and adequate, involving interesting items of history which can be given in a few words. As all practical work connected with the institution was to be done here, it was, of course necessary that some of the Trustees should reside here.

But at that early day among all the residents of this valley, it was impracticable (though this should perhaps be whispered confidentially rather than spoken out loud) to find nine men, or even a quorum of five qualified to fill such an office. There were some worthy citizens here, but they were not men of such a degree of education and settled religious convictions, as rendered them competent and trustworthy custodians of such an institution, especially in its feeble and forming period. Most of the Trustees therefore had to be selected elsewhere and for various reasons were wisely selected as they were.

The efforts to secure a meeting of even a quorum of a board thus scattered were often trying if not ludicrous. If one or two from here could be induced to go to the Dalles, and the one at Portland meet them there,—with those residing there, a quorum could be secured. If some from the Dalles and some from Forest Grove could be convened at Portland, again a quorum was obtained. Or, as a last resort, one starting from here and picking up one at the Dalles, and still another at Portland, and proceeding to Forest Grove, with the two residing there, a quorum was also the result. The first of such meetings was held at Forest Grove in December, 1860, at which the Board was formally organized, a Constitution and By-Laws adopted, and the Seminary located.

But this first location was not where it now is, but upon the old Mission claim where Dr. Whitman labored, died, and lies buried. This location was selected partly that the memorial might stand as near as possible to the scene of the event to be commemorated, partly from prudential moral reasons, still more perhaps, from the fact that at that time this city had no assured existence such as it has since obtained. The reason for changing the location was the rapid growth of Walla Walla and a large influx of population into the surrounding country, and other considerations of practical

wisdom. The result was that at a meeting of the Trustees,—now somewhat changed in persons, held here in Nov. 1864, the Seminary was re-located, "at or near the City of Walla Walla." Five years thus passed after the scool was chartered before it was permanently located—and even then it was "only on paper," if not "a castle in the air,"—for as yet it had no abiding place, no settled habitation. Having broadly located it "at or near the City of Walla Walla," then commenced a wearisome, perplexing struggle to find a desirable and obtainable site, or academical grounds, for being only beggars, forced to secure grounds as a donation, we could not summarily take our pick according to our real preference. Several different locations came up for consideration and were carefully canvassed by the Trustees. One was where Judge Lassater's residence now stands, one near where the Brick Church now stands, and another on Second street, near what is now the wood yard. All of these sites were then vacant and desirable, but in each case there were found to be peculiar difficulties involved. Some conditions weighed against the first. The second was upon A. B. Roberts' Homestead Claim, having still some years to run, and hence could not at the time be deeded to the Board of Trustees. The third was upon the Showble claim, the owner's wife being for some years mentally disqualified to affix her signature to any legal document.

On all sides, therefore, circumstances were adverse, and after almost unlimited planning, waiting, working, possibly worrying, all of these sites were abandoned and the present location finally decided upon and formally accepted in May, 1866.

Seven years were thus consumed in striking the first stroke of Whitman Seminary. Then commenced real work in real earnest, raising of funds by soliciting subscriptions and the erection and partial completion of the first school building, both of which were accomplished in a few months, and interesting dedicatory services were held in the school room on the thirteenth of October, 1866, and the school was opened immediately afterwards.

For want of any suitable teachers at command, I was invited by the Trustees, to take the oversight of the school for a while, employing assistants to do most of the work of instruction. The school being thus fairly inaugurated, at the close of the second term I resigned my position, and the founder of the institution became also its Principal for several succeeding years. Of his labors and those of many other successive teachers through many fitful, changeable years it is not my province now to speak, save perhaps to add that at two or three subsequent periods, for a like reason of

no available teachers—for many years our chief difficulty—I carried the school on as best I could for brief periods of one or two terms, once perhaps a full school year.

And thus the Seminary, now developed into the College, of whose present character and work you have all had favorable opportunity—during its late interesting commencement exercises to judge for yourselves,—originated, grew, improved, increasing in strength and experience and in influence, as was from the first hoped and labored and prayed for.

Over all of which, all lovers of sound Christian education may well rejoice, and they who bore the burden and heat of the day of its early struggles congratulate themselves that they "did not labor in vain nor spend their strength for naught" but here too, possibly "builded better than they knew."

THE LATE REV. P. B. CHAMBERLAIN,

First Principal of Whitman Seminary.

ORGANIZER AND FIRST PASTOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.

A NOBLE MAN, AN ELOQUENT PREACHER WITH STRONG CONVICTIONS AND COURAGE TO EXPRESS THEM.

HE POSSESSED A GOOD DEGREE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE PROPHETS AND MARTYRS.

WITH BOLDNESS DECLARED HE THE WHOLE COUNSEL OF GOD.

CHAPTER XVI.

Whitman College—Retrospective and Prospective.

Next to its founder and those intimately connected with it all through its history, no one has done more for Whitman College than the late Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D. of Portland, Oregon. He was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary in December, 1880, and it was the beginning of a new era for the institution. Very soon plans were inaugurated having in view the development of it into a College. In the fall of 1882 the Academic department opened with Dr. A. J. Anderson as principal, his wife and sons assisting him as teachers. During the year a freshman class was secured, which met the necessary conditions in order to be placed on the list of the "American College and Educational Society" to receive aid. In 1883 the charter was changed giving it all the privileges of American Colleges. In the same year the College Hall was erected at a cost of $16,000, and through the instrumentality of Dr. Anderson, two acres of land were added to the campus by the late Dr. D. S. Baker. During this year and a part of 1884, Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D. visited New England in behalf of the College and obtained $11,000 for it. Notwithstanding his career has been one abundant in labor and full of sacrifices, he declares it to be the hardest year of his life. In 1884, also, Mrs. N. F. Cobleigh canvassed a part of New England and obtained $8,000, wherewith to transform the old Seminary building into a commodious Ladies' Hall. With improvements subsequently made through her instrumentality, it is now one of the most convenient for the purpose intended in the State. A small Science Hall has been erected since. All these substantial evidences of progress,

with considerable addition in the number of students, we find during the early years of Dr. Anderson's administration. As compared with like Institutions under similar circumstances its growth on the whole has been wholesome. It is the only college in the upper Columbia Empire that has survived the various changes incident to a new country, although many attempts to establish colleges have been made by various denominations. The college has been an inestimable blessing to the region of which it is a centre. But with superior equipment it would have accomplished better work. It is in urgent need of means wherewith to keep pace with the material progress of the country and adjust itself to the new order of things in this great state. A country rich in resources deserves and demands a college adequately equipped.

After nine years of hard work, Dr. Anderson resigned in July, 1891, and the following November, Rev. James F. Eaton assumed the presidency. Since then a great effort has been and is being made to strengthen and broaden the foundations. The standard of scholarship has been raised and new methods adopted.

The institution has been to a great extent reorganized, and it is the aim and purpose to develop it into an ideal American College as rapidly as resources will permit. Whitman College is admirably located in the "Garden City" of the Inland Empire. It has an immense field. There is no educational institution having a complete college curriculum between it and the North Pole; not one within 500 miles south; not one east of the Cascade mountains and but one within 1500 miles east. It draws students a distance of 300 miles in all directions. Many of the most successful business and professional men and women of this region point to it with pride as their *alma mater*. Some of its graduates have taken a high stand in eastern post-graduate and professional schools, and some are already giving indications that they will become leaders of men. Several have and are preparing for the work of the Gospel ministry.

The leading Walla Walla paper says of it—

"It is our pride. It is the cap sheaf of the educational institutions of Walla Walla, and should be the pride and boast of every good Walla Wallan. It has a corps of exceptionally good instructors under the guidance of a man possessing breadth of intellect, liberal education and an enthusiastic desire to be successful in his chosen field of labor, with students who rank in natural ability with the best product of any land. But it is deficient in facilities. It lacks room in which to grow. It lacks library and apparatus, the tools of education."—*Union-Journal.*

But we are hopeful. We rely on Him whose is the earth and the fullness thereof, and who rules in the hearts of men. With his blessings we shall overcome all difficulties.

We rejoice that we are able to say that a new and enlarged campus for the College department is in sight in a most desirable and accessible suburb of the city, which we hope to see adorned with suitable buildings in the near future.

Surely an institution founded by the most apostolic character, and in memory of the most famous person in the Pacific Northwest, to whom we are more indebted than to any other, will be near the hearts of all good people.

We shall use the words of the president in the last bulletin:

"That it may speedily receive from those to whom a gracious Providence has given abundance, increased facilities for securing and keeping a faculty, and for the care of worthy students, and for the pursuit of researches after truth, is our earnest prayer. Only thus can our fair State be preserved from the blight of mere money getting with no worthy objects as to its expenditure, and from moral and mental darkness. We have no way of forecasting the future save of the past. That teaches us that the finest and most fertile land may become a desert for the wickedness of the inhabitants thereof. It is enlightened, moral citizens that make a country habitable and life worth living. They are the foundation stone of free America. In the production of these no agency has been more potent than

the Christian College. The continuance and enlargement of the same agency which originally produced the American type of Christian civilization are needful for its continuance."

We commend to those who have been blessed with worldly riches the words of the great philanthropist George W. Childs of Philadelphia, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*:—

"I sometimes feel that the only money I have is that which I have given away. The rest is just waiting. The money that I have spent upon other people has been that which I have most enjoyed."

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